

# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

VOLUME XXII.]

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—BY—

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# UNITY

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VOLUME XXII.]

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

[NUMBER 1.]

## EDITORIAL.

THE Chautauqua Literary and Scientific circles graduate this year, as quoted from an exchange, a class of 4500 members, and the banner class of 1890 numbers 25,432. A Unity Club assembly grown to such magnificent proportions would touch with a gleam of honest satisfaction, we believe, even the most sturdy opponents of the movement.

A BIT of pure piety from Epictetus: "Must I bear poverty? Come and you will know what poverty is when it has found one who can act well the part of the poor man. Do I possess power? Then let me have power and also the trouble of it. Am I banished? Wherever I shall go it shall be well with me, for here also where I am it has been well with me, not because of the place but because of the principles which I shall carry away with me; for no man can deprive me of these."

BLESS the paper nurses! E. P. Roe, in the *Southern Workman*, the Hampton school record, is telling his experience as a hospital chaplain at Hampton in the last years of the war: "Some wards were filled with men who had lost a leg or an arm. Even the slight jar caused by careful tread along the floor made these men lift their stump and cringe with pain. I have seen many a poor fellow thus lifting his mutilated limb, and contracting his brow with suffering, yet never taking his eyes from the fascinating pages of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or Cooper."

PROF. BORDEN P. BOWNE, in an article on "Physiological Psychology," published in the *Independent*, states as proof of Locke's good sense that his profession, medicine, does not appear in the "Essay on the Understanding." It may safely be affirmed, as a general principle, that only to the broad mind is this possible; that the casting aside of predispositions is the invariable characteristic of the truly scientific thinker. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the present age holds any larger-minded or more genuinely philosophic mentality than that of Herbert Spencer, most distinguished by this quality.

WHAT is to be the outcome for the city slave girls? So queries the sympathetic reader of the stirring articles in the *Chicago Times*. None would willingly resemble him of Bible note, who beheld his face in a glass and straightway forgot what manner of man he was; and yet the remedy for this evil implies so prolonged a protest that these shocking details must gradually fade out of time and mind, at least with the many, unless, indeed, some systematic and associated effort toward cure be inaugurated. Are we waiting for the sturdy organization of earnest men and women who shall pledge themselves against the purchase of cheap clothing manufactured at less than living rate?

"THE deepest problem of education to-day is to get the children to do enough hard things to give them discipline." So a wise teacher told us the other day,—and has any more central word been uttered this summer at the great educational conventions at Newport and San Francisco? Strain and over-pressure make one danger of our modern systems in the schools; but, on the other hand, good teaching is not that which makes the study easy, but that which makes the study attractive while keeping it difficult. Teachers, textbooks, the whole school-methods, are good only in propor-

tion as they can stand this test,—Do they get children to do enough hard things to give them discipline?

FROM the editorial columns of a London exchange we clip the following good story, leaving our readers to draw the moral of it: "There is an anecdote of honest Will Whiston, with which we conclude. He objected to signing articles that were not believed in, simply for the sake of preferment. The Lord Chief Justice of the day said to Whiston, 'We must not lose our usefulness for scruples.' Whiston asked his lordship if prevarication was allowed in his court. He replied certainly not. Whiston then rejoined, 'Suppose God Almighty should be as just in the next world as my Lord Chief Justice is in this, where should we be then?' To this he made no answer. Queen Caroline, when she heard the story, added, 'No answer, Mr. Whiston, could be made to that question.'"

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE's statement, after a life of a quarter of a century in interior Africa, that over a half million souls are torn from their homes into slavery, comes to American ears with startling force. The best and surest method of outwitting the Mohammedans and other cruel slave-stealing peoples seems to be by colonizing the hitherto almost inaccessible regions of central Africa, and if so, missionary labor on the dark continent should be pushed in this line. Even now the work is going on, but the inhumanity that burns villages, steals men and kills them on slight provocation can not too speedily have a period set to its horrible existence; and a meeting such as that recently held in London where, surrounded by bishops of the English church, the Cardinal Lavigerie of the Roman church told the pathetic story of the wrongs of the poor Africans, marks at once a memorable day in the history of abolition and of religious unity.

THE cultured remnant of which we hear in these later days has its favorite haunts, perhaps not always near a great university, but a great city with its usual tools for the scholar's uses commonly supports its splendidly endowed college for the liberal arts. Last year the number of matriculants at Boston University, according to the *Independent*, was six hundred and seventy-five from nineteen foreign countries and thirty American states and territories, seventy-one of whom were bearers of degrees from American and foreign universities, the number of graduates in June last being one hundred and thirty-one, and the number of professors and lecturers one hundred and twenty. Aside from the benefit of excellent advantages, such as these close at hand, what cumulative moral and mental forces might not a noble university in Chicago effectively set over against its saloons and gambling dens? The experiment of importing cable car capitalists offers small encouragement, however, toward importing efficient college projectors.

THERE is a very significant fact disclosed in the more or less common complaint of regular army men the world over that garrison life is dull, and they want the chances of war for glory or for honorable death. This sentiment receives special emphasis at the present time in view of the visit of the young Emperor of Germany to St. Petersburg. Is the outcome to be war or peace? In reply we gladly give the words of a Russian, said to be an intimate friend of the Emperor Alexander: "There will never be a war if it de-



pend upon our emperor." Not only the policy of humanity, but also of prudence counsels peace. No wise ruler will involve his country in a conflict of arms at the price of brave blood and treasure when by intelligently cherishing the arts of peace he can securely establish a happy, prosperous and loyal people. The resources of a small kingdom, as of a small estate, wisely cultivated and husbanded, are immeasurably more to be desired than the uncertain returns of a half-neglected though vast domain.

THE Association for the Advancement of Women issues in paper covers two neat volumes containing the papers read before it, and an account of its business sessions in New York city during October, 1887. One of the introductory sentences from Julia Ward Howe, the president of the association, in her opening address, furnishes the text for this Fifteenth Women's Congress. She says: "We are all workers. Some of us earn our bread—some of us administer large or small estates. But no one of us sits by the fire and says: 'I wish well to all good undertakings, but I can not do anything.'" This furnishes the key to the animus of the movement. In the gathering of earnest women each one of whom has something of value to contribute toward the arrangement of matters involving the welfare, directly of womankind, indirectly of the human race, we see one of the exponents of an age struggling toward more perfect co-operation. This movement is one of many significant in kind, and because forward-looking in its work, productive of notable results.

HERE is a scene in Strasburg Cathedral, one that is not mentioned in the guide-books. A letter brings it: "Of course we saw the great clock perform at noon yesterday. It is an absurd contrast to the somber Romanesque dome and columns and the religious beauty of the Gothic arches,—this mechanical toy! After the twelve apostles have, one at a time, marched past the Savior and received his benediction, the cock on one pinnacle of the clock crows vociferously. The crowd now dissipates. We were making our way out slowly by a side door near the clock, every one very quiet and solemn. I noticed a woman holding a small boy by the hand. As she passed close to the magnificent verger who, in cocked hat and golden trappings, makes serious business of showing off the clock,—at that moment, under the verger's very nose,—what did that small boy do but crow at his loudest and best, imitating the revered cock perched above him and awakening the echoes of the church! The verger went for that boy, staff of office and all, and his mother scurried him outside with much rapidity."

#### MERCENARIES.

In the *Century* for August is an article by Lyman Abbott entitled "The Pulpit for To-day." Its tone and substance are very noble. Its point is that the pulpit ought to be intent on giving "instruction in the moral laws which govern social and industrial life—organized love of humanity." "Three lines of thought" are set forth, not as exhausting but as indicating the kind of teaching now needed. First the subject of liberty, its nature and conditions; secondly, the nature and obligation of labor, to the effect that we ought to have an ambition not to escape labor but to do it; thirdly, the nature of wealth, and its obligations as a trust. As we have said, the whole article is noble. All three points are treated in a high way. But we wish to speak especially of the third point, the subject of wealth. The author's view is stated in a broad and full way, thus: "The doctrine that property is a trust is far more explicitly taught in the New Testament than the doctrine of a vicarious atonement or a trinity in unity. The latter are deductions from Biblical statements, the former is a Biblical statement. Property is a trust; life is a service. . . . The man who takes his property to be his own and uses it on himself is as truly guilty of

*embezzlement as the clerk who filches from his employer's till.*" (The italics are ours.) This is a trenchant saying, but it is as noble as it is peremptory. The author expands his doctrine thus: "The preacher who preaches for his salary, not for the spiritual well-being of his parishioners, is a mercenary; the physician who practices for his fees, not to cure the sick, is a mercenary; the lawyer who pleads for his honorarium, not for justice, is a mercenary; the politician who enacts laws for what he can make, not for the community, is a mercenary; no less the manufacturer, the merchant, the trader, the man on 'change, who transacts his business to make money, not to give the community its meat in due season, is a mercenary. In the history of the nineteenth century, the doctrine that wealth is a trust must stand by the side of the doctrine that labor is an honor and liberty is an obedience." These are ringing words, stirring, high, manful, true. They are nobly said, but not rhetorically. The author is not sketching from fancy, dreaming, wishing, or even hoping; no, but in direct manner demanding this doctrine of all good men and setting it forth as the "simple truth" of a republican state—or of any state, whatever the form be, if men will come to the doctrine that labor is an honor, liberty an obedience, wealth a stewardship. It makes our hearts burn and rejoice to hear this note struck, that not only the minister, the judge, the physician, may be mercenary in his work, but also the trader and every grade and kind of business men. For these last usually are spoken of as if their whole function was to make gains. How can they bear this contempt of them? All work may be glorious. Every man's lot may be a part of Nature's plan. Every honest work may be work for the whole. It all lies in the heart. Therefore, if a preacher be thinking how he may please that thereby he may be paid the more, and a tradesman be thinking how he can distribute in the community the most serviceable tool, the best cloth, the purest food, then the preacher is a mercenary, a hireling, and the tradesman a patriot in the army of that native land of us all, which is the Heavenly City. J. V. B.

#### THE TWO AIMS.

Regarding the preceding editorial it may be said,—Must not each business devote itself to being profitable? Is it not right and needful that every trade, occupation, or business should aim to "make money?"

Surely. It needs little sight to understand that if a man eat more than he lays up, he will come to starvation, and if a business costs more than it pays it must stop. Therefore the first aim is that a business shall pay. But is this the only aim? Is it the best aim? Is it the aim, if so we may say, of the aim? Mayhap there is another aim or end of the business by which the first aim has the right or dignity to be an aim. 'Tis the same with man's body. A shrewd man once said to us that he had made up his mind that the first object with every one must be to get something to eat. Very oracular wisdom! Yet it is not the object of the body to eat, but the aim of the body and of the eating together to do something worthy when the eating is done.

Thus business has two aims, the one of which is of no worth except by reason of the other. Compare it to the making of a tool. The workman must be intent only on that tool. But the intent of the workman is naught and less than naught, a waste, a folly, unless the tool has an intent. This, then, is the true intent of the workman's intent. And the workman is blest and happy if he think of the intent of the intent more than of the wages of the first intent; for then he will think of the excellence of his work, and he will measure what he does by the intent of the intent and so do all he can for it, instead of gauging his work by his wage and thus doing as little as he must for it. It is the same with the painting of a picture. Under the artist's hands it is so many strokes, shades, colorings, which are to be done.



These are his first intent. Without them, no picture. Yet, if this be all, he is but a brush of canvas, a stainer of good, clean surface that were better left untouched by him. But his intent serves another intent, which is the making of beauty and of joy in human souls.

So it is with wealth. This is a tool. Nay, it may be lifted till it become that kind of a tool which a picture is,—a grandeur or a beauty. As a tool it must be made. When one stands making it, he must give his mind to the making. There is a way to make and a way not to make; but the latter is the broad and easy way, and the former, like the path of virtue, the narrow one. The maker of wealth must have an eye for the narrow trail of it. He must be after it. 'Tis his first intent, the primary aim. But then, what? Is it to be made for itself? No, but as a tool for something else. Is it to be made for a man's own indulgence, luxury, pleasure? No, but as a tool to make something useful for the whole. This is the second aim. This second aim is all that makes the first aim worthy.

Therefore it is true, as we have said under "Mercenaries," that the trader who "transacts his business to make money, not to give the community its meat in due season, is a mercenary." For he sticks in the ditches of the first and lower aim and tramples the ground to mire, when he should go on to the good opens and meadows of the second aim and raise humane fruits.

J. V. B.

#### WHAT OF THE DRONES?

To the doctrine of our two editorials foregoing men often say, "Yes, but if you think of others too much they cease to think for themselves. If you care for them, they will lean on you, growing weak and thriftless." Sometimes the objection or difficulty is put in this way: "All things would be well, all ill done away, if only *every one would take good care of himself*." True. But what meaning has this? How stands it regarding the truth that whoever works merely for himself is a mercenary? How bears it on the principle of the high aim of all business, namely, the good of the whole, which is the ground of the lower aim, namely, that the business shall pay? Are these truths broken down? If every one should take care of himself and then all would be well, follows it that a man may feel no stewardship but use himself all or most for himself? Surely not. And this the author of the article in the *Century* states thus: "I do not ask that men of wealth shall give more money to the church, which is often stronger when it is poor than when it is rich; nor to the poor and thriftless, whom unearned money keeps in poverty. I urge that *the power to make money, like any other power, is a trust bestowed on the possessor for humanity*." (The italics are ours.)

Every man should take care of himself? True. Then all things would go well? True. But some can not care for themselves, and some will not. It will be granted that they who can not are God's charges through human hands. They give opportunity to open the stores of divine mercy through man's heart. But what of those who will not care for themselves? These are drones. A drone is a non-worker by choice. What of the drones?

Drones are mercenaries.

There are two kinds of men who will not work—the rich who work not because they need not, and the poor who will not work though in need. Is one of these drones worse than the other—the rich than the poor, or the poor than the rich? 'Tis hard to say. It is sure they are alike in the meanness of being drones. For the meanness is this—that the drone nurses himself at the charge of others, that is, he is a pure mercenary. But the rich drone and the poor drone are unlike in the results of them; and in these perhaps the rich one is the worse, because the need of the whole is more than the need of any one, and 'tis the crying

of the great world which the rich drone the more neglects and which also the more he might heal; for wealth is great power.

But though for the world it is some matter which is the worse, the rich drone who takes no care of others, or the pauper drone who makes others take care of him, for the individual self of the drone it is little matter; for the meanness of being a drone is as great in the little as in the big, in the rich as in the poor,—just as the childishness of crying is the same whether one whimpers like a school-boy or screams like a baby. For the meanness of all drones of every grade, degree, kind, manner and appearance, sex and station, is that they are mercenaries, thinking what they may get and then how they may use for themselves what they get; but not that they are members of a community in a country in a continent on an earth in the heavens; to all which abodes, from the town to the heavens, they owe strength, substance, duty.

J. V. B.

#### FELLOWSHIP IN THE CHURCH.

It seems this is a difficult matter. Yet why it should be difficult we can not see. If the earth can hold multitudes who differ in thought, why then can not a continent? And then why not a town? And, finally, a precinct, a building, a society?

But why can the earth hold multitudes who think diversely? Because they live on the earth as men, that is, not as creatures who think merely, but who also love, fear, hunger, eat, labor, sleep. If men lived on the earth only as thinking creatures, there would not be room enough for the many different thoughts. For of itself thought is imperious. There is war to the death with any opposing thought. But men live on the earth as whole men. Thereupon, behold, there is room enough. So there will be room enough in the town, the house, the society, for all who will come and whom we will take in as whole men. For it is a part of a whole man to be rational, and this will guide him in his choice of the town, the house, the assembly or society. Thereupon all the rest of him will make him at home where he chooses to go, if there he finds whole men who will simply take him as a whole man. This seems a very simple matter; but 'tis surprising how hard men find it to apply the same. They have not learned better than to draw their lines and make their speeches for quarter-men or half-men. Whence it follows that they turn away all whole men; and even all half-men or quarter-men, if they be not like their own halves or quarters. The latter effect is of little moment. Bits of men may be spared. But the loss of a whole man is serious. This seems as plain as the sun in the heavens. But, alas, men treat it as they do the sun in those noon weddings where they shut out the day and light the gas. These reflections arose on reading the following sensible words from a correspondent:—

"But in speaking of a communion nominally free, I wish to be understood as meaning all which that term can possibly imply. I take for granted that some serious purpose is meant by voluntarily joining any religious organization at all; and where there is a serious purpose,—even no more than the desire to hear, and perhaps learn, what some new doctrine is,—I hold that no person should have it hinted, or in any way implied, that any difference of opinion from the rest puts him at all in the position of a stranger or outsider, so long as he chooses to stay and claim the sympathy due to a fellowman. I do not know whether a church, or a religious body, can be built upon so broad a platform; but as liberal men I do not think we have a right to do anything to narrow it, or that as liberal Christians we have a right to exclude, or seem to exclude, any who desire any sort of help, light, or comfort from that source."



To this is appended the following note:—"This, evidently, has nothing to do with the question as to the choice or qualifications of a religious teacher, which must be settled, not by abstract theory, but by personal considerations and the circumstances of the case."

All this, we repeat, is very plain. It is simple good sense. But 'tis strange how it may be obscured and set all awry by talk. The only ally of the good is time. For the present moment, the force of a little thing to work big effects is as wonderful in bad things as in good. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," says the apostle. Behold what a large mansion of good sense a little nonsense is a Samson to pull down in a heap about our ears!

J. V. B.

## UNITY.

Unity means not simply oneness but a oneness in a diversity. The scientific or philosophic expression for it is, The One in Many. The converse of this in terms is, The Many in the One. But all the difference lies in the terms only. The One in the Many or The Many in the One—'tis all the same. This is the last term of science; the aim, the end, the arrival, of human knowledge. We have learned that all things are tied together. Naught stands alone, naught can slip away from other things, no, not the nearest from the remotest. Well then, if one line runs through all things, and all are tied together, how can one thing be treated as its nature is unless we be mindful of all things? And what is this but to ask how we can treat the Many well if unmindful of the One, or how we can be mindful of the One if unattentive to the Many? Yet men have not ceased this vain effort. Still they go about to serve God but neglect man, and think they can do it; or still they go about trying to serve man, not thinking of God; and this they can do as little as the other.

Surely when science has shown us The One in the Many for so long time, and breaks into light with the glory of it, 'tis strange that we halt so much. Why will we tear apart what God has joined together? Nay, rather I may say better,—Why will we break anything from another, since he is the joining of all things? If we fail so much with all our light of knowledge, it moves the soul that we find, afar back when this light was not, when knowledge yet was to be gathered piecemeal, by scraps, here and there, and science not yet had brought these together in Unity—it moves the soul, we say, that we find in this darkness of little knowledge still a light of religious feeling which led to the same truth; as in these words of Aurelius,—"Have principles ready for the understanding of things divine and human, and for doing everything even the smallest, with the recollection of the bond which unites the divine and human to one another. For neither wilt thou do anything well which pertains to man without at the same time having reference to things divine, nor the contrary."

J. V. B.

For *optimism*, or belief that, spite of every obstacle, the world is going on and up, commend us to the workers striving amid the obstacles. The great missionary conference lately held in London was remarkable for the confidence of its conviction that the whole world would soon be Christianized, and "the aged missionaries from the field seemed most confident of all!" And in our country, to be thrilled as by glad news from a battle, prospering and sure of victory, read the *Voice*, the organ of the Prohibitionists, and the *Standard*, organ of Henry George and the "single-tax" men. No quavering or wavering there! No discussions over "what's the matter with Prohibition?" or the like. Only workers' calls to workers, and the great cheer of self-forgotters "in a good cause not their own."

## CONTRIBUTED.

## WHERE?

Where is the heaven you prate  
So much about?  
Is it within the mind, or seek  
We it afar, with aspect meek,  
Our heart devout?

The word of the Lord, I ween,  
Is rational;  
Within the mind, and not in space,  
The spiral stairs of life we trace  
Up to the All.

Then hearken to my speech:  
The universe  
No power enfolds that will be brought  
Of what true work the mind hath wrought  
Aught to reverse.

Where mind is truth and light,  
And all is love,  
There heaven; and there in Godhood robed,  
The soul's eternal home is globed;  
There, the Above.

S. H. M.

## THE INDIVIDUAL.

It is the growing sentiment that there is one human family, and there must be no outcasts. Civilization must include all, be as broad as human nature. There must be no permanent under class, no outlying barbarism. This for human safety, for the need every part has for every other part. It is the whole earth now, or nothing.

But the coming together of human kind on the earth is not to mean that henceforth we are to be like herding cattle, each individual soul lost in the universal mass. Suggestions of such a calamity are afloat. But there need be no alarm. Rebellion stirs in every soul. Humanity demands the individual. The effort is vain that would reduce us to a common pulp in the interests of the state, of religion, or of labor. Two facts appear—the fact of the common brotherhood, and the fact of the importance of the individual. Or, better stated possibly, the world is coming now to the embodiment of a commonwealth served by the voluntary conduct of its million members. What we aim at (when we are not blinded by some seemingly imperative demand to crush outright some recognized flagrant evil that needs to be outgrown rather than crushed) is to substitute for force and outward authority the spontaneity and inner conviction of the soul.

Government has been characterized as the social envelope that carries society safely on its otherwise perilous journey. But in the order of evolution this widespread official network is to disappear. We have a striking analogy or illustration in the development of lower to higher orders in the structure of the animal kingdom. At first their protection is the enveloping shell, that which the turtle wears, in which it secretes itself against the attacks of the unfriending elements. After, in higher creations, with the dawn of the protecting intelligence, this bony structure is indrawn and becomes, as we see, skeleton, on which the seemingly defenceless flesh is hung.

The whole meaning of all creative effort is to furnish at last the intelligent, self-directing individual. And we must proclaim now that the only method by which this devoutly-to-be-wished consummation can be reached is that of liberty; liberty, mind you, as means and method, not as end. We do not understand this quite; we go wrong; we act very much, often, with our majority rule, as the Old World



despots do. The evil things they do which we despise, we do ourselves, if this can be once sanctified by a majority vote. We forget the saying of the Chinese sage,—“I have observed that when a nation is about to fall, they make many laws.” That, however, we are losing belief in all our legislative ado is seen in the absence of that solemnity in the august presence of our rulers which hedged the old-time maker of laws. Properly speaking, law can not be made by any man or men; only a few regulations in conformity with laws that are inherent in our nature.

S. H. M.

## PRESENT LIFE.

We set for ourselves limits and imagine we have grown old and fixed. What but this is the ordinary experience? We enthuse at twenty with fair and hopeful ideals,—our future rosy with visions of splendid achievements; at twenty-five we settle down to business; get ourselves stereotyped as we are at forty or fifty; and then go on the rest of our days, satisfied if we hold fast all we have. We have touched the summit of wisdom. We live in a little world of conformity and respectability, and think we are very good. We draw around us our little circle, the boundary of our knowledge as we call it. Perhaps it is our no-knowledge, our easy-going guess or superstition. But none the less it forms a horizon line.

And yet we cherish the hope that we are immortal. What sort of immortality are we contemplating? Are we to cross the boundry line of the two worlds carrying forever with us our dignified refusal to know aught more, and demanding that we be admitted to a place of comfort and peace just as we were finished off and perfected on earth?

Think of a universe peopled with souls thus embalmed in their own conceit! You wonder what is eternity to them, or they to eternity. We want wine of immortal youth in this life. We are as immortal now as we shall ever be. What is more beautiful, or more wise, than the eager questioning of children? There is nothing more befitting age than the disinclination to rest absolutely with any present attainment; and for the sufficient reason that we shall so cheat ourselves and, as the phrase is, “come short of the glory of God” in us. It is not so much progress as ascent—climbing. With each ascent, a new horizon. We have added to the circumference of the world wherein we dwell. It is a succession of outgrowths, and of upgrowths. Nothing is fixed, all is movement; a grand procession of enlarging powers. “All parts away for the progress of souls, all religion, all solid things, arts, governments,—all that was or is apparent upon this globe, falls into niches and corners along the grand roads of the universe.”

The old fact, touched with a new revelation, shines with new luster, and we see how poor and imperfect have been our sacred and final interpretations.

It is to the present life we turn for hope and consolations in heavens we ourselves prepare. The prayer of Jesus is becoming the prayer of humanity—“Thy kingdom come on earth.” The pilgrimage thus being made back from the heavens where in thought we had strayed, to the earth where we were born, we turn with serious purpose to the task before us, namely, to create here the paradise fabled as lost in the dawn of the earth’s existence. The God sits aloof, as he should do, that we may not ourselves, doing nothing, claim everything.

O wisest God in heaven,  
No chiding send I thither  
That I lie thrall’d in bondage  
And thou vouchsaf’st no succor,  
Thou most dost win me, being  
What thou hast been ever;  
Not stooping to my folly  
To raise me, weakling, throneward.

S. H. M.

## THE BLUEBELL.

Beneath an overhanging cliff,  
One quiet summer day  
I floated in my little skiff,  
Where shadows lay.

And looking up there met my eye  
A blossom dainty and fair,  
In shape a bell, blue as the sky,  
Waving in air.

“Sweet flower,” I said, “why dost thou spring  
Upon the rock so bare,  
Where not another living thing  
The place will share?”

Then up and rang the bonny bell,  
And said in melody,—  
“If none else on the rock will dwell,  
Can it spare me?”

CELIA DOERNER.

## IN SWITZERLAND NOW.

## III.

Tiefencasten is a little village prettily situated in a deep mountain cup, out from which four roads climb; the road to Coire on the north, the road over the Albula Pass, that over the Julier Pass, and the Schyn-Strasse over whose nine miles of varied beauty I had had my morning walk. It was yet too early for the mid-day lunch; but I knew not where hunger might overtake me farther on, and I entered a little “Baeckerei” by the roadside to secure supplies in any chance. A curious room it was, a general “country-store” on the smallest scale. In one corner were a few nondescript odds and ends of dry goods; a plain deal table, with a chair or two, and a few substitutes for chairs, made the furniture of the room. A hay-maker from the field sat eating his bread and drinking his beer, and chatting with the old couple who were the presiding divinities of the place. I found my conversation with the laborer more interesting to me than the purpose that had brought me over the threshold; an intelligent man, pleasant-faced, and speaking a very intelligible German. He had hardly left when in came the village blacksmith, who seemed not to have so many irons in the fire but that he could stop and chat with as much leisure as the wayfarer. He told me about his chamois hunting, of the habits of the swift creature, and insisted on running over to his house to show me some of his hunter trophies. He was much interested in America. What pay does a man have for shoeing a horse all round? I told him I had paid two dollars in the city. He replied “I get four francs!” I asked him what wages the field-hands got. “Two francs a day and their board; how much in America?” I told him I thought that twenty or twenty-five dollars a month, with keeping, would be called fair wages the year round. America seemed to him the land of opportunity, which I was far from denying; but I reminded him that, as money was more freely earned, so in some respects was the cost of living greater. The old couple spoke chiefly *Romanisch*, listening apparently with great interest to so much as they understood of our conversation. This dialect seems to prevail here among the people, though my companion said, laughingly, “We have some seven dialects and languages hereabouts.” We left the place, he for his forge and I for my walk to the Albula Pass. These local touches are more to me than the contacts I find in the larger hotels, where I meet those who, like myself, are but pilgrims and sojourners and not of the soil.

The sun shone warm on the shadeless mountain road along which most of my afternoon walk lay. The most striking and picturesque part was the Berguener-Stein, where the road is cut into the precipitous rock high above



the gorge. The view down over the forest slopes and the narrow green valley beyond was very striking. I have marveled at the beauty and variety of the wild flowers along the way. I have heard much of the flora of Switzerland. I have read that June is the month for the flowers, though too early for the higher mountain paths. But the lateness of the summer this year preserves all this beauty of color for the traveler in late July. As I took a foot-path across the slope, avoiding the long curve of the road, and sat down for a moment's rest, I counted over twenty varieties of wild-flowers within a radius of my walking-stick; and I could have doubled the number by a little wider research. It would seem as if the "little busy bee" might easily control the honey manufacture with these resources, but the "cheap pauper labor of Europe," about which we shall soon hear so much from the political stump, has entered the field against his unprotected business, and no little of the honey served to the tourist with morning roll and coffee, as I am told, comes from the factories in Zurich and elsewhere and not from these flowers of the field.

The early evening brings me in sight of Berguen, where I am to pass the night. The little town, as I look down upon it, with its huddled houses, the almost flat roofs covered with coarse, weather-worn shingles, looks like a pile of drift-wood left by some high flood of the valley stream. I pass along the irregular street, without sidewalks, paved with cobble-stones and sloping to the center for water-shed, to my inn or hotel. I am struck by the solid masonry of these houses, the walls being often three feet thick and covered with cement, the small deep-recessed windows, and the frequent touches of artistic work, as in the carving on the heavy wooden doors, and the balconies or window-screens of wrought iron in really tasteful designs. Occasionally one sees a motto or legend conspicuously written upon the house, and very often the date of its construction. On the way I observed upon one house, "I build upon God,"—and I wondered if in all the details of that structure, the pay of the workmen, the material used, and yet more the life of the home within, the rather ostentatious affirmation found a verification. But some of the legends are suggestive and appropriate. I find abundant kindness and hospitality in my inn, and feel the human bond deeper than community of language or race. In the morning I am awakened by the tinkling of bells and the patter of feet over the pavement. I look out upon a flock of over a hundred goats, gathered from house to house, and driven by the shepherd, or *goat-herd*, who takes them to the mountain slopes and brings them back at night. Last night I saw them coming into the town, single ones and little groups separating to their particular folds as intelligently as a returning company of the villagers themselves to their homes.

The morning was fair and fresh as I took my way on over the Albula Pass, and a memorable day it will remain to me. The road at first slowly ascended the green valley, with views of craggy mountain walls, the lower forest-slopes, and the swift Albula stream below with its musical flow. The higher peaks were snow-capped, and before I reached the summit of the Pass I had passed deep banks of snow close by the road. The forests ceased entirely but not the wild-flowers. At the highest place, a half-mile stretch of marshy, bleak land, I plucked violets of deepest color, the small Alpine gentian, whose blue seems to me the richest of all blue color,—as if it caught the hue of the overhanging sky and focused it there—and many other flowers beside. I concluded that this must be a favorite region for botanists and bug-hunters, for I met no less than half a dozen men with their nets and their flower-boxes tramping over this upland field. Descending to the Engadine valley I saw in a patch of springy ground by the way the finest bed of cowslips I ever saw—standing a full foot in height, the rich gold brilliant upon the background of glossy green. The sight took me back to my childhood days and the little

meadow whither I used to go for these first-fruits of the spring. Even at this height I saw herds of cattle and flocks of goats on the mountain slopes busily feeding upon the scanty but sweet grass that manages to find root in the shelving shale and soil. It was a picturesque sight to see the herdsman or goatherd, now lying upon the mountain-side, and now with staff in hand seeking the wanderers to call them back. How much of the old Bible speech is lost to us to-day by reason of our different surroundings and habits of life! To be sure we know from books all its figures of speech, but the scenes are not of daily occurrence before our eyes, a part of our common life.

As I descend the Pass a fine view of snow-capped peaks is spread before,—the pyramidal top of Piz Mezzem and the line of Piz Languard leading the train. The upper Engadine valley, along which the young Inn pours to meet the Danube, comes more and more into view. I enter the valley at Ponte, where in the closing year of the last century the French and Austrians fought for a half day by the Inn bridge amid snow and ice; but nature has blotted out all signs of the strife. To my right lie twenty miles of the Upper Engadine which will make my morrow's walk, ending at the summit of the Maloja Pass.

F. L. H.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR OF UNITY: What a wonderful work is being done for the poor boys and girls in our large cities, by giving them a few days in the country to get a little fresh life into their poor bodies! Their expressions of joy and gratitude and their improved looks when they return, are ample recompense for all the trouble and expense incurred. I have been thinking that an equal joy and benefit would certainly result if the thousands of ignorant and awkward, but keenly appreciative country boys and girls, could have the opportunity to visit our large cities for a few days. The expense is what prevents such a thing, if they must go to the hotels or respectable boarding houses.

It occurred to me that perhaps some of the rich, benevolent people in the city of Chicago would initiate such a movement, and take into their care, and under their guidance a number of boys and girls too poor to come otherwise, but to whom such an opportunity of seeing the sights of that great city and of learning what civilized life to-day is capable of doing for man, would be more really educating, uplifting and broadening than months of slow life in the country, which is all they know anything about.

I was born and lived in the country exclusively, until one memorable day in my tenth year an invitation came from Mr. Edgar Huidekoper, of Meadville, Pa., to my older sister and myself, to spend the Fourth of July with his family. When my father (who was one of the founders and trustees of Meadville Theological School) made this known to us, we were wild with delight, but a little alarmed, withal, because we knew of his great wealth. Imagine our surprise when he met us in the most cordial easy manner, took us over his house, pointing out fine pictures, books, statuary, and explained to our comprehension the use of various things of which he too truly divined we were ignorant. With him and his family we went to his father's home where a Sunday-school picnic was to be held on the lawn in front of the house, where that remarkable and lovable Ham Jam Huidekoper (of whom we had heard so much, principally on account of his funny name) talked to the children, and Miss Lizzie, who by the way to my childish astonishment was not gorgeously arrayed, but simple and sweet, passed the "refreshments." Then we were taken to witness the grand display of fire-works in the evening, all this time most tenderly cared for and entertained. I should have thought I was in Paradise, but for one single thing which occurred at the tea table. Mrs. Huidekoper asked



each one if she should help them to some strawberry preserves or brandied peaches. That word "brandied" dispelled the illusion. How vividly I recall it! To me that one day opened wide the door into a new world. Those dear people have deserved "everlasting salvation" in my opinion ever since.

Is not my idea a feasible one? Why may we not give poor country children the pleasure of seeing what your great city contains?

A FRIEND TO CHILDREN.

DEAR UNITY: The following lines, in harmony with the teachings of UNITY, are from "The Sermon in the Hospital," by Ugo Bassi, deservedly recommended in your columns last week by J. S. :

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;  
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;  
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;  
And whose suffers most hath most to give."

A copy of the sermon was sent to an inmate of an insane asylum, and, after her death, it was found among her treasures, the margins of its pages written over in pencil with its praises. Would that it might reach many sick-rooms with its tender cheer!

Yours very truly,

M. H. LE ROW.

LYNN, Mass., August 21, 1888.

### THE STUDY TABLE.

*Religious Reconstruction.* By M. J. Savage. Boston: George H. Ellis.

The general nature and outcome of Mr. Savage's discourses are well understood by readers of UNITY. Mr. Savage is one of the best representatives of modern scientific rationalism, warmed and vivified by a glowing religious faith and ideal. His published sermons and lectures already form a useful library of searching thought and criticism on the topics connected with modern religious questions. His latest volume comprises a series of fifteen discourses, each giving that new interpretation of old religious ideas contained in the recent teachings of science which the world stands in such need of to-day. Some of the subjects with which these discourses deal are "Religion and Theology," "The Scriptures," "The Fall of Man," "Jesus," "The Destiny of the Soul," etc. The writer designs the aim of his book as "an earnest attempt to answer earnest questions that have come from all over the land." New ideas respecting the origin and growth of the universe necessitate "a parallel readjustment of the thought side of the religious life." The familiar motto from Tennyson is selected for the title page. "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," and Mr. Savage dedicates his book to himself.

"That self that shineth o'er me as a star,  
\* \* \* \* \*

My blessed counterpart it shines above,  
And since as with God's hand it holds me fast,  
It bids me know it shall be all my own." C. P. W.

*The Fatherhood of God.* By Rev. John Coleman Adams. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. Cloth, pp. 96.

This small volume is a clear, intelligent statement of a living, loving, hopeful truth familiar to the liberal thinker, but full of blessed encouragement to those struggling with the terrible doctrines of total depravity, eternal punishment, and the like. Here are some of its cheering words: "The labor, then, of the Divine love will be to keep us in the way of righteousness;" "the severities of Heaven lie in the direction of sin or the backward step of the soul;" Creation "is not done but doing;" "the whole scheme of life centers in and takes its meaning from life's high purpose;" "the light that streams from it [the fact of the spiritual world] illuminates conscience as well as intellect, it reveals a duty as well as a hope." These brief quotations, chosen at random, will serve to convey something of the helpful, wholesome spirit of the book, which will, we hope,

reach many souls in need of its cheering truths, and, through its many-sided view, convince as well as uplift its readers.

B. L. G.

### THE HOME.

#### THE CHILD AND THE PIMPERNEL.

"Dear Pimpernel, grandpapa says

Your name means a smile;\*

Then why do you keep on dark days

Shut close all the while?

"Mamma tells me I must look bright

On the gloomiest day;

That smiles are the sunshine of home

When the skies are so gray.

"But you only smile when you see

The sun in the sky,

And whenever a storm is at hand

You shut fast your eye."

Then the pimpernel blushed and replied

To the child in her quest,

"Flowers and children must do as they're bid,

For mothers know best.

"Mine tells me to close when 'twill rain

And I always obey—

And the children know when I smile

It will be a fair day."

ANNA M. PRATT.

#### HARRY'S LESSON.

It is natural for boys to throw stones. I love to see a vigorous little fellow brace his shoulders, give a swing to his arm that no girl can imitate, and let the missile fly from his hand with unerring aim, if the target is a stone wall or any object where neither cat nor dog, bird nor squirrel is resting. Boys need to be very careful about the target or they may make a sad mistake as Harry did.

He was in the country for a few weeks, and had the pleasure of fetching the cows from the pasture every evening. This was done with much whistling and throwing of stones. Grandfather declared the path would be well cleared of pebbles before Harry went home.

One evening he saw a bird resting on a tree in advance of him. He had been cutting off thistle-heads and golden rod with great dexterity, and without a thought the stone in his hand sped, swift as an arrow, toward the bird and in an instant it fell to the ground. Harry ran and picked it up. The poor thing lay in his hand helpless, gasping; soon it did not even gasp; it was dead.

Harry heard other birds twittering above him; it seemed to him they were telling the awful news to all the world. The hot tears fell on the lifeless thing in his hand. He stroked its feathers, breathed in its little bill and tried to warm it in his bosom all in vain.

Everybody at the house knew something had happened, for, though Harry drove the cows into the barn-yard and carefully put up the bars, there was no merry whistle and no one had seen him throw a stone. He asked his grandmother to come to his bed-room and there he took the bird from his bosom, and with many tears told the story. Dear grandmother talked to him very kindly, and repeated some beautiful words for him to remember.

Then Harry tenderly buried the bird and recited the words over the grave as a burial service; also, although he may not have been conscious of it, as an act of self-consecration. The words were these:

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all."

S. E. B.

\*Anagallis, the botanical name of the pimpernel, is a Greek word meaning cheerful or laughing. The flower closes on the approach of unpleasant weather.



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### NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

**Chicago.**—The Western Secretary, John R. Effinger, moves out this week on his fall campaign. The next two Sundays he will spend at Sioux City, Iowa.

—Mrs. E. T. Leonard, secretary of the Sunday-school Society, who has been rusticated in Helena Valley, Wis., is again at her accustomed post of duty at headquarters, ready for another term of faithful and efficient service.

—The end of the present week will see a general home-coming of absent ministers, and next Sunday the church doors will be again opened to receive their congregations.

—Rev. John Cyrus Mitchell, of Danvers, Mass., called at headquarters last week on his way to visit friends at Evansville, Wis.

—The closing vacation service at All Souls church was conducted last Sunday by Miss C. J. Bartlett, pastor of All Souls Church, Sioux Falls, Dak. She preached a noble sermon on the theme "Why Ought We to Be Good?" a sermon helpful alike to young and old. After stating the common motives to goodness, the fear of punishment and the hope of reward, she set forth clearly and ably the true motive which should govern our actions, the desire to do right for right's sake, the aspiration to be a part of the moral order of the universe, to find the strength and joy that come of adjusting ourselves to the eternal divine law. Happiness, she thought, was not the true end of striving. The noble life must be the first aim, whether it result in joy or pain. While it is true that the pure and noble life is the truly blessed life, and while it is inconceivable that it could be otherwise under the reign of "Eternal Goodness," yet if by any means evil could get the upper hand in the universe and the law be reversed, still the duty to be noble and pure would remain. Miss Bartlett will always be gladly heard by Chicago Unitarians.

**Rockford, Ill.**—This is a beautiful, growing city of 25,000 population. On a recent hour's trip about the city we found a new church building going up, near the center, known as the "Church of the Christian Union." This is being erected by Dr. Kerr's Liberal Society, now of several years' exist-

ence in Rockford. From conversation with the contractor and a hasty personal inspection the following information was obtained: The building is 110 by 65 feet, of composite and of unique architecture, designed by Silsbee of Chicago. There is no steeple, but in place of it a resemblance to a Mohammedan dome stands over the southwest corner and gives to it its only distinctively ecclesiastical appearance. No two of the windows are alike in size or design. It has a large projecting bay window upon the west side, and another large window upon the south side, furnishing plenty of light and sunshine. Up to the water-table a fine, white stone from Berea, O., is used, to be followed by St. Louis red pressed brick. The high-walled basement is to be used as a lecture hall, Sunday-school room and for social gatherings, an ample kitchen being also provided. The auditorium is to have a circular seating capacity of about 600, with the pulpit platform in the center of longer side. There are two ample entrances from the street, and two large parlors on the right, united by folding panel doors. The basement will be finished for occupancy in the fall, but the remainder will not be completed until spring. The estimated cost is \$25,000. This edifice is an illustration of the modern church idea as it is being worked out among so many of the recent liberal churches in the west. It seeks to adapt itself to the wants and needs of the religious and social life of the men and women of to-day, and brings everything to that requirement. As an example of this tendency we judge this new church at Rockford to be a happy illustration.

H. D. S.

**Weirs, N. H.**—The eleventh annual Grove meeting was held at this place August 3 and 5, with a full attendance, and profound interest throughout. The opening meeting was led by Rev. C. W. Heizer, of Manchester, N. H., subject, "Our Thought of God." Rev. A. P. Putnam, of Concord, Mass., preached at 10:30 A. M. on "The Book of Books." Rev. J. Edward Wright, of Montpelier, Vt., preached at 2:30 P. M. on the "Law of Salvation." On Friday evening a large audience listened to a lecture by Rev. James Kay Applebee, of Marblehead, Mass., on "Macbeth: A Drama of Conscience." Rev. Fielder Israel led the conference meeting, on Saturday morning. Rev. Mr. Applebee preached at 10:30 A. M. on the text "God hath not left himself without a witness." At 2:30 P. M. was held the laymen's meeting, presided over by Hon. George B. Loring, of Salem, Mass. The large mass meeting in Music Hall at 7:30 P. M. was conducted by Rev. S. C. Beane; subject, "What do Unitarians Believe?" The conference meeting on Sunday was led by Rev. N. S. Hill, of Laconia, N. H., the subject being "Unconscious Influence." The preaching service by Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, of Newton, Mass., was well attended, and the afternoon service was held at 2:30 P. M., in which the Rev. E. A. Horton, of Boston, preached on "The Five Pillars." The farewell meeting on Sunday evening was conducted by Rev. C. W. Heizer, of Manchester, N. H., and formed a fitting close to this excellent and helpful session. "God's Providence" was the subject, and earnest words were spoken by several clergymen. The Association voted to hold the meetings at Weirs another year, the date to be announced later. The following officers were elected: President, C. S. Beane, of Newburyport, Mass.; secretary, Rev. E. C. Abbott, of Lawrence, Mass.; treasurer, Mr. J. C. A. Hill, of Concord, N. H. These meetings will be looked forward to with pleasure the coming year, proving as they have at this time a season both of spiritual quickening and of social good feeling. The White mountain excursion on this occasion proved a very agreeable accession to the general pleasures.

**Post-Office Mission Work.**—A correspondent of the *Christian Register* sums up the results of some quiet work in the line of the Post-Office Mission. In a city of 16,000 population, having a college with five hundred students, there was a graduating class of ten two of whom were atheists, two Disciples, one Presbyterian, three Methodists, one agnostic and one undecided. "They were furnished with Unitarian literature for three months." "At the end of that time" says the correspondent, "the two atheists, one of the Disciples, the agnostic, the Presbyterian, and the 'undecided' one were enthusiastic Unitarians. . . . One of them will enter the Unitarian ministry at no distant day. These were the brainiest students in the college." This only goes to lend emphasis to a condition of things becoming every day more prominent, and plainly indicating that scores of people not only would be Unitarians if they understood the broad and uplifting principles of our faith, but also that many are to-day Unitarians without knowing it. We can not too liberally distribute so much of our literature as will help the undecided to place themselves on the sound basis of an active liberal faith.

**The Other Side.**—The report in the London *Times* of a missionary meeting recently held in London contains the following statement of the testimony of the bishop of Missouri: "In America the Unitarian church, which though in many respects estimable, was not a missionary church, was dying out; while the Mormon body in spite of its many disadvantages of creed, was numerically increasing, because it devoted much attention to missions." The bishop might have added weight to his words by a few figures, in the absence of which we are to presume either that the fact was too patent to need demonstration or not worthy of more detailed statement. It would be interesting to see the statistics on which he based his statement.

**Tremont, Ill.**—Rev. Clark G. Howland of Lawrence, Kans., will occupy his old pulpit at Tremont on Sunday, September 2. His return after so many years' absence will be greeted with joy by many friends.

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**Boston, Mass.**—Rev. Mr. Davis, imprisoned last October for one year for preaching upon the common without a city license, still remains in jail in preference to yielding his point of perfect freedom to preach. Meanwhile his family are aided by friends who sympathize in his voluntary martyrdom. The conditions of the usual license are so simple that the issue of Mr. Davis lies on the border line between liberty and dangerous looseness.

The vacation dust is rising in city school-houses and churches; Sunday-school attendance records are getting ready; the cloud of theological mist, is appearing in the sky; union religious meetings are near the vanishing point. The Sunday-school Society at the American Unitarian Association building is now stocked anew with eastern and western manuals, and the best English popular Sunday-school literature. Mr. Spaulding thinks he has nearly completed his contemplated series of school services—hymns and manuals. He has made it as comprehensive as any of the series published by other denominational houses.

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**Oakland, Cal.**—A course of three popular and musically illustrated lectures on the three great composers, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, by Rev. C. W. Wendte, is announced to begin August 31, in the Unitarian church at Oakland.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### CHICAGO CALENDAR.

**CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH**, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, September 2, services at 11 A. M.; 7:30 P. M., Religious Study Class.

**UNITY CHURCH**, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, September 2, services at 10:45 A. M.

**THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH**, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, September 2, services at 10:45 A. M.

**ALL SOULS CHURCH**, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, September 2, services at 11 A. M.; Bible Class, 7:30 Friday evening.

**UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE.** W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, September 2, services at 10:45 A. M.

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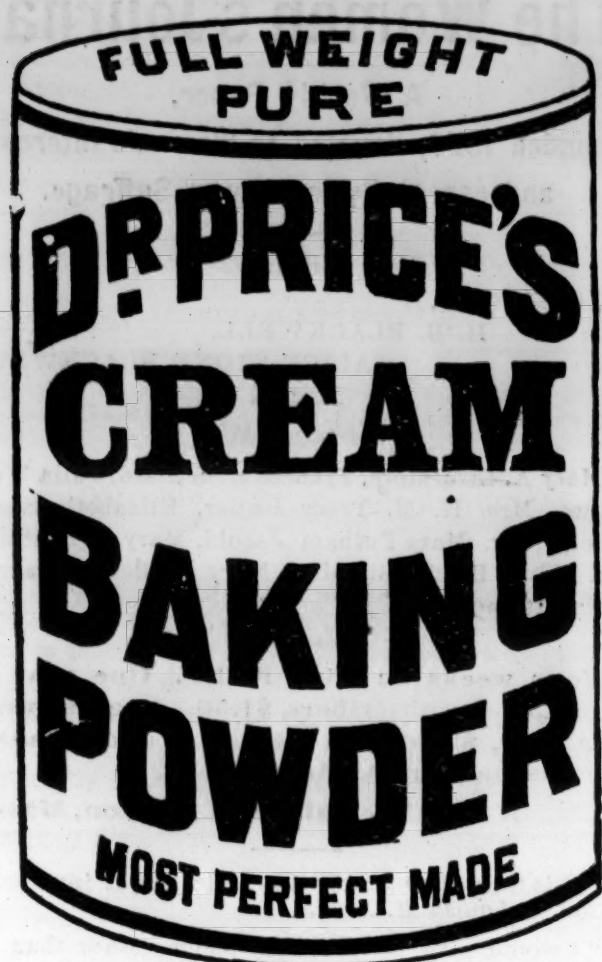
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